

CURIOS POEMS

O N

Several Occasions.

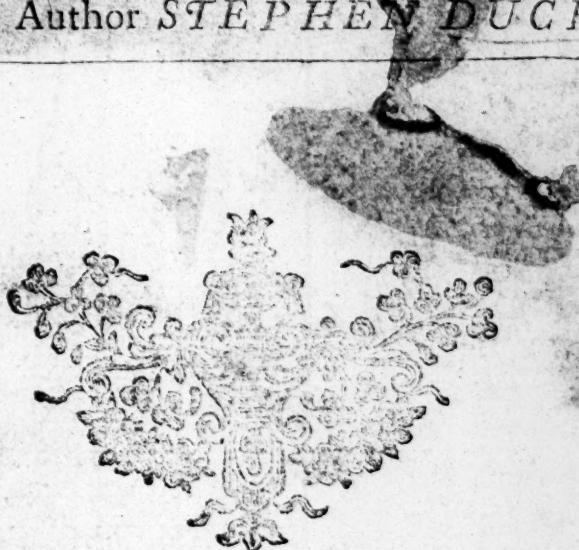
VIZ.

- I. On Poverty.
- II. The Thresher's Labour.
- III. The Shunamite.

222.210
4

All newly Corrected, and much Amended,

By the Author STEPHEN DUCK.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by John Lewis, in Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield.

M DCC XXXVIII.

[Price Six Pence.]





P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions, &c.

On P O V E R T Y.



O Ill on Earth we tim'rous Mortals fly
 With so much Dread as abject Poverty ;
 O despicable Name ! We thee to shun,
 On ev'ry other Evil blindly run.
 For fear of thee distrustful Niggards go
 In tatter'd Rags, and starve their Bodies too,
 And still are poor, for fear of being so.
 For fear of thee, the cheating Trader vows,
 His Wares are good, although his Conscience knows,
 He has employ'd his utmost Skill and Care,
 To hide their Faults, and make their Beauties glare.

The Sailer terrify'd with Thoughts of thee,
 Boldly attempts the Dangers of the Sea ;
 From East to West, o'er Rocks and Quicksands steers ;
 'Tis Poverty, and that alone, he fears ;
 The Soldier too, whom nought but thee can scare,
 In hopes of Plunder bravely meets the War ;
 To fly from Poverty he runs on Death,
 And shews he prizes Riches more than Breath.
 Strange Terror of Mankind ! By thee misled,
 Not Conscience, Quicksands, Rocks, or Death they dread ?
 And yet thou art no formidable Foe,
 Except to little Souls, who think thee so :
 Who through the Glass of Prejudice survey
 Thy Face, a thousand frightful Forms display.

Thus Men, at Night, in foolish Fears grown old,
 Who mind the Fairy Tales their Nurses told,
 Start at a Goblin which their Fancy made,
 And for a Spectre often take a Shade.

Contented Poverty's no dismal thing,
 Free from the Cares unweildy Riches bring :
 At Distance both alike deceive our View ;
 Nearer approach'd, they take another Hue.
 The poor Man's Labour relishes his Meat ;
 His Morrel's pleasant, and his Rest is sweet : .
 Not so the Rich, who find their weary'd Taste
 Fail'd with the Prospect of the cumb'rous Feast ;

For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Instead of satisfying, does but cloy.

But let us state the Case another way :
Were Poverty so hideous as they say,
'Tis nobler cheerfully to bear our Fate,
Than murmur and repine beneath its Weight.
That Man deserves the Praise of human Kind,
Who bears ill Fortune with a Christian Mind :
How does his great heroic Soul aspire
Above that sordid Wealth the rest admire !
His nobler Thoughts are fix'd on Things above ;
His faithful Eyes survey the GOD of Love
Hold forth the heav'nly Prize, which makes him run
His mortal Race, to gain th' immortal Crown.
Not all the Snares a crafty Devil can lay,
Can intercept or daunt him in his Way.
Not all the scornful Insults of the Proud,
Not all the Censures of the grov'ling Crowd,
Not Poverty, in all her Terrors dreſt,
Can shake the ſolid Quiet of his Breast :
Unmov'd he stands againſt the worſt of Foes,
And mocks the Darts which adverſe Fortune throws,
Calm and compos'd, amidit or Ease or Pain ;
And finds Content, which others ſeek in vain.

So stands a ſteady Rock ſublimely ſteep,
Within the Corfines of the briny Deep ;
Lash'd by the foaming Surge on ev'ry Side,
Yet can't be shaken by the furious Tide.

Then

Then why should Phantoms discompose the Mind ;
 Or Woes so far from real fright Mankind ?
 Since Wealth can never make the vicious blest,
 Nor Poverty subdue the virtuous Breast ;
 Since both from Heav'n's unerring Hand are sent,
 LORD, give me neither ; give me but CONTENT.



*The Thresher's Labour. To the Re-
verend Mr. STANLEY.*

TH E grateful Tribute of these rural Lays,
 Which to her Patron's Hand the Muse conveys,
 Deign to accept : 'Tis just she Tribute bring
 To him, whose Bounty gives her Life to sing ;
 To Him, whose gen'rous Favours tune her Voice ;
 And bid her 'midst her Poverty, rejoice.
 Inspir'd by these, she dares herself prepare,
 To sing the Toils of each revolving Year ;
 Those endless Toils which ever grow anew,
 And the poor *Thresher's* deslin'd to pursue :
 Ev'n these, with Pleasure, can the Muse rehearse,
 When you and Gratitude command her Verse.

Soon as the golden Harvest quits the Plain,
 And CERES' Gifts rewards the Farmer's Pain ;
 What Corn each Sheaf will yield, intent to hear,
 And guess from thence the Profits of the Year,

He calls his Reapers forth : Around we stand,
 With deep Attention, waiting his Command.
 To each our Task he readily divides,
 And pointing, to our diff'rent Stations guides.
 As he directs, to distant Barns we go ;
 Here two for Wheat, and there for Barley two.
 But first, to shew what he expects to find,
 These Words, or Words like these, disclose his Mind :

“ So dry the Corn was carry’d from the Field,
 “ So easily ’twill thresh, so well ’twill yield ;
 “ Sure large Days-works I well may hope for now.
 “ Come, strip and try ; let’s see what you can do.”

Diveded of our Cloaths, with Flail in Hand,
 At proper Distance, Front to Front we stand :
 And first the Threshal’s gently fwung, to prove
 Whether with just Exactness it will move :
 That once secure, we swiftly whirl them round ;
 From the strong Planks our Crab-tree Staves rebound,
 And echoing Barns return the rattling Sound.

{

Now in the Air our knotty Weapons fly,
 And now with equal Force descend from high ;
 Down one, one up, so well they keep the Time,
 The CYCLOPS’ Hammers could not truer chime ;
 Nor with more heavy Stroks could *Aetna* groan,
 When *VULCAN* forg’d the Arms for *THETIS*’ Son.
 In Briny Streams our Sweat descends apace,
 Drops from our Locks, or trickles down our Face.

No Intermision in our Work we know ;
The noisy Threshal must for ever go.
Their Master absent, others safely play ;
The sleeping Threshal doth itself betray.
Nor yet, the tedious Labour to beguile,
And make the passing Minutes sweetly sinile,
Can we, like Shepherds, tell a merry Tale ;
The Voice is lost, drown'd by the lowder Flail.
But we may think —— Alas ! what pleasing thing,
Here, to the Mind, can the dull Fancy bring ?
Our Eye beholds no pleasing Object here,
No cheerful Sound diverts our list'ning Ear.
The Shepherd well may tune his Voice to sing,
Inspir'd with all the Beauties of the Spring.
No Fountains murmur here, no Lambkins play,
No Linnets warble, and no Fields look gay ;
'Tis all a gloomy melancholy Scene,
Fit only to provoke the Muse's Spleen.
When sooty Pease we thresh, you scarce can know
Our native Colour, as from Work we go :
The Sweat, the Dust, and suffocating Smoak,
Make us so much like *Ethiopians* look,
We scare our Wives, when Ev'ning brings us home ;
And frightened Infants think the Bugbear come.
Week after Week we this dull Task pursue,
Unless when winn'wing Days produce a new :
A new, indeed, but frequently a worse !
The Threshal yields but to the Master's Curse.
He counts the Bushels, counts how much a Day ;
Then swears we've idled half our Time away :

" Why, look ye, Rogues, d'ye think that this will do ?

" Your Neighbours thresh as much again as you."

Now in our Hands We wish our noisy Tools,
 To drown the hated Names of Rogues and Fools.
 But wanting these, we just like Schoolboys look,
 When angry Masters view the blotted Book :
 They cry, " their Ink was faulty, and their Pen ;
 We, "the Corn threshes bad, 'twas cut too green."

But soon as Winter hides his hoary Head,
 And Nature's Face is with new Beauty spread ;
 The lovely *Spring* appears, refreshing Show'rs
 New cloath the Field with Grafs, and blooming Flow'rs.
 Next her the rip'ning *Summer* pressles on,
 And *SOL* begins his longest Race to run.
 Before the Door our welcome Master stands ;
 Tells us, the ripen'd Grafs requires our Hands.
 The grateful Tiding presently imparts
 Life to our Looks, and Spirits to our Hearts.
 We wish the happy Season may be fair ;
 And, joyful, long to breathe in op'ner Air.
 This Change of Labour seems to give such Ease,
 With Thoughts of Happiness ourselves we please.
 But, ah ! how rarely's Happiness compleat !
 There's always bitter mingled with the sweet.
 When first the Lark sings Prologue to the Day,
 We rise, admonish'd by his early Lay ;
 This new Employ with eager Haste to prove,
 This new Employ, become so much our Love.

Alas ! that human Joys should change so soon !
 Our Morning Pleasure turns to Pain at Noon,
 The Birds salute us as to work we go,
 And with new Life our Bosoms seem to glow.
 On our Right Shoulder hangs the crooked Blade,
 The Weapon destin'd to uncloath the Mead ;
 Our Left supports the Whetstone, Scrip, and Beer ;
 This for our Scythes, and these ourselves to clear.
 And now the Field, design'd to try our Might,
 At length appears, and meets our longing Sight.
 The Grafs and Ground we view with careful Eyes,
 To see which way the best Advantage lies ;
 And, Hero-like, each claims the foremost Place,
 At first our Labour seems a sportive Race ;
 With rapid Force our sharpen'd Blades we drive,
 Strain ev'ry Nerve, and Blow for Blow we give.
 All strive to vanquish, tho' the Victor gains
 No other Glory, but the greatest Pains.

But when the scorching Sun is mounted high,
 And no kind Barns with friendly Shade are nigh ;
 Our weary Scythes entangle in the Grafs,
 While Streams of Sweat run trickling down apace.
 Our sportive Labour we too late lament ;
 And wish that Strength again, we vainly spent.

Thus, in the Morn, a Courser have I seen
 With headlong Fury scour the level Green ;

Or mount the Hills, if Hills are in his Way,
 As if no Labour could his Fire allay ;
 Till *Phœbus*, shining with meridian Heat,
 Has bath'd his panting Sides in briny Sweat :
 The lengthen'd Chace scarce able to sustain,
 He measures back the Hills and Dales with Pain.

With Heat and Labour tir'd, our Scythes we quit,
 Search out a shady Tree, and down we sit :
 From Scrip and Bottle hope new Strength to gain ;
 But Scrip and Bottle too are try'd in vain.
 Down our parch'd Throats we scarce the Bread can get ;
 And, quite o'erspent with Toil, but faintly eat.
 Nor can the Bottle only answer all ;
 The Bottle and the Beer are both too small.
 Time flows : Again we rise from off the Grass ;
 Again each Mower takes his proper Place ;
 Not eager now, as late, our Strength to prove ;
 But all contented regular to move.
 We often whet, and often view the Sun ;
 As often wish, his tedious Race was run.
 At length he veils his purple Face from Sight,
 And bids the weary Labourer Good-night.
 Homewards we move, but spent so much with Toil,
 We slowly walk, and rest at every Stile.
 Our good expecting Wives, who think we stay,
 Got to the Door, soon eye us in the Way.

Then from the Pot the Dumplin's catch'd in haste,
 And homely by its Side the Bacon plac'd.
 Supper and Sleep by Morn new Strength supply ;
 And out we set again, our Work to try ;
 But not so early quite, nor quite so fast,
 As, to our Cost, we did the Morning paſt.

Soon as the rising Sun has drank the Dew,
 Another Scene is open to our View :
 Our Master comes, and at his Heels a Throng
 Of prattling Females, arm'd with Rake and Prong ;
 Prepar'd, whilst he is here, to make his Hay ;
 Or, if he turns his Back, prepar'd to play ;
 But here, or gone, sure of this Comfort still ;
 Here's Company, so they may chat their Fill.
 Ah ! were their Hands so active as their Tongues,
 How nimbly then would move the Rakes and Prongs !

The Grafs again is spread upon the Ground,
 Till not a vacant Place is to be found.
 And while the parching Sun-beams on it shine,
 The Hay-makers have Time allow'd to dine.
 That soon dispatch'd, they still sit on the Ground ;
 And the brisk Chat, renew'd, afresh goes round.
 All talk at once ; but seeming all to fear,
 That what they speak, the rest will hardly hear ;
 Till by degrees so high their Notes they strain,
 A Stander by can nought distinguish plain.

So loud's their Speech, and so confus'd their Noise,
Scarce puzzled *Echo* can return the Voice.

Yet, spite of this, they bravely all go on ;
Each scorns to be, or seem to be, outdone.
Mean while the changing Sky begins to lour,
And hollow Winds proclaim a sudden Show'r :
The Tattling Crowd can scarce their Garments gain,
Before descends the thick impetuous Rain ;
Their noisy Prattle all at once is done,
And to the Hedge they soon for Shelter run,

Thus have I seen, on a bright Summer's Day,
On some green Brake, a Flock of Sparrows play ;
From Twig to Twig, from Bush to Bush they fly ;
And With continu'd Chirping fill the Sky ,
But, on a sudden, if a Storm appears,
Their chirping Noise no longer dins your Ears :
They fly for shelter to the thickest Bush ;
There silent sit, and All at once is hush.

But better Fate succeeds this rainy Day,
And little Labour serves to make the Hay.
Fair as 'tis cut, so kindly shines the Sun,
Turn'd once or twice, the pleasing Work is done.
Next Day the Cocks appear in equal Rows,
Which the glad Master in safe Ricks beflows.

The spacious Fields we now no longer range ;
And yet, hard Fate ! still Work for Work we change.

Back to the Barns we hastily are sent,
 Where lately so much Time we penfive spent :
 Not penfive now, we bleſs the friendly Shade ;
 And to avoid the parching Sun are glad.
 Yet little Time we in the Shade remain,
 Before our Master calls us forth again ;
 And says, “ For Harvest now yourselves prepare ;
 “ The ripen’d Harvest now demands your Care.
 “ Get all things ready, and be quickly dreft ;
 “ Early next Morn I shall disturb your Rest.”
 Strict to his Word ! for scarce the Dawn appears,
 Before his hasty Summons fills our Ears.
 His hasty Summons we obey ; and rife,
 While yet the Stars are glimm’ring in the Skies.
 With him our Guide we to the Wheat-field go,
 He to appoint, and we the Work to do.

Ye Reapers, caſt your Eyes around the Field ;
 And view the various Scenes its Beauties yield :
 Then look again with a more tender Eye,
 To think how ſoon it muſt in Ruin lie !
 For, once fet in, where-e’er our Blows we deal,
 There’s no refiſting of the well-whet Steel :
 But here or there, where-e’er our Course we bend,
 Sure Desolation does our Steps attend.

Thus, when *Arabia's Sons*, in Hopes of Prey,
 To some more fertile Country take their Way,
 How beauteous all things in the Morn appear!
 There rural Cots, and pleasant Villa's here!
 So many grateful Objects meet the Sight,
 The ravish'd Eye could willing gaze 'till Night.
 But long 'ere then, where-e'er their Troops have past,
 These pleasing Prospects lie a gloomy Waste.

The Morning past, we sweat beneath the Sun ;
 And but uneasily our Work goes on.
 Before us we perplexing Thistles find,
 And Corn blown adverse with the ruffling Wind.
 Behind our Master waits ; and if he spies
 One charitable Ear, he grudging cries,
 " Ye scatter half your Wages o'er the Land."
 Then scrapes the Stubble with his greedy Hand.

Let those who feast at Ease on dainty Fare,
 Pity the Reapers, who their Feasts prepare:
 For Toils scarce ever ceasing pres' us now ;
 Rest never does, but on the Sabbath, show,
 And barely that, our Masters will allow.
 Think what a painful Life we daily lead ;
 Each Morning early rise, go late to Bed :
 Nor when asleep are we secure from Pain ;
 We then perform our Labours o'er again :
 Our mimic Fancy ever restless seems ;
 And what we act awake, she acts in Dreams.

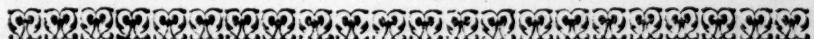
Hard Fate ! our Labours ev'n in Sleep don't cease ;
Scarce Hercules e'er felt such Toils as these !

But soon we rise the bearded Crop again,
Soon Phœbus' Rays well dry the golden Grain.
Pleas'd with the Scene, our Master glows with Joy ;
Bids us for Carrying all our Force employ ;
When straight Confusion o'er the Field appears,
And stunning Clamours fills the Workmen's Ears ;
The Bells and clashing Whips alternate sound,
And rattling Waggon's thunder o'er the Ground.
The Wheat, when carry'd, Pease, and other Grain,
We soon secure, and leave a fruitless Plain ;
In noisy Triumph the last Load moves on,
And loud Huzza's proclaim the Harvest done.

Our Master, joyful at the pleasing Sight,
Invites us all to sup with him at Night.
A Table plentifully spread we find,
And Juggs of humming Ale to cheer the Mind ;
Which he, too gen'reous, pushes on so fast,
We think no Toils to come, nor mind the past.
But the next Morning soon reveals the Cheat,
When the same Toils we must again repeat ;
To the same Barns must back again return,
To labour there for Room for next Year's Corn.

Thus, as the Year's revolving Course goes round,
No Respite from our Labour can be found :

Like *Syphus*, our Work is never done ;
 Continually rolls back the restless Stone.
 New-growing Labours still succeed the past ;
 And growing always new, must always last.



The S H U N A M I T E.

To Mrs. Stanley.

DE I G N, heav'nly Muses, to assist my Song :
 To heav'nly Muses heav'nly Themes belong.
 But chiefly Thou, O God, my Soul inspire,
 And touch my Lips with thy celestial Fire :
 If Thou delight'ft in flow'ry *Carmel's* Shade,
 Or *Jordan's* Stream ; from thence I crave thy Aid :
 Instruct my Tongue, and my low Accents rouse,
 To sing thy Wonders, and display thy Praise :
 Thy Praise let all the Sons of *Judah* hear,
 And to my Song the distant Tribes repair.

So pray'd the *Shunamite* ; Heav'n heard the Dame ;
 The distant Tribes around her lift'ning came,
 To hear th' amazing Tale ; while thus her Tongue,
 Mov'd by some heav'nly Power, began the Song.

Attend, ye Seed of *Abram*, and give Ear,
 While I *J E H O V A H*'s glorious Acts declare:
 How Life from Death, and Joy from Sadness spring,
 If He assist the Muse, the Muse shall sing.
 My Lord and I, to whom all-bounteous Heav'n
 His Blessings with no sparing Hand had giv'n,
 Like faithful Stewards of our wealthy Store,
 Still lodg'd the Stranger, and reliev'd the Poor.
 And as *Elisba*, by divine Command,
 Came preaching Virtue to a sinful Land ;
 He often deign'd to lodge within our Gate,
 And oft receiv'd an hospitable Treat :
 A decent Chamber for him we prepar'd ;
 And he, the gen'rous Labour to reward,
 Honours in Camp, or Court, to us propos'd ;
 Which I refus'd, and thus my Mind disclos'd :

Heavn's King has plac'd us in a fertile Land,
 Where he show'r's down his Gifts with copious Hand :
 Already we enjoy an affluent Store ;
 Why shou'd we be solicitous for more ?
 Give Martial Camps, and Kingly Courts to them,
 Who place their only Bliss in fleeting Fame :
 There let them live in golden Chains of State ;
 And be unhappy, only to be great.
 But let us in our native Soil remain,
 Nor barter Happiness for sordid Gain.

Here may we feed the Indigent in Peace,
 Or cloath the Bare with the superfluous Fleece,
 And give the weary, fainting Pilgrim Ease.
 This we prefer to Pomp, and formal Show,
 Which only serve to varnish o'er our Woe ;
 Refulgent Ornaments, which dress the Proud,
 Objects of Wonder to the gazing Crowd ;
 Yet seldom give Content, or solid Rest,
 To the vain Man, by whom they are posses'd.



All Blessings, but a Child, had Heav'n supply'd ;
 And only that th' Almighty had deny'd :
 Which when the holy prescient Sage had heard,
 He said, and I before him straight appear'd ;
 And, as my Feet approach'd his awful Room,
 I saw his Face diviner Looks assume :
 Not such a Wilderness, and fanatic Mien,
 With which, some say, the *Delphic* Priests are seen ;
 When they, for Mysteries of Fate, explain
 The odd Chimera's of a frantic Brain ;
 But with a grave majestic Air he stood,
 While more than human in his Aspect glow'd ;
 Celestial Grace sat on his radiant Look,
 And Pow'r diffusive shone, before he spoke.
 Then thus : " Hail, gen'rous Soul ! Thy pious Cares
 " Are not forgot, nor fruitless are thy Prayers :
 " Propitious Heav'n, thy virtuous Deeds to crown,
 " Shall make thy barren Womb conceive a Son."

So spake the Seer ; and, to complete my Joy,
As he had spoke, I bore the promis'd Boy.

Soon to my Friends the welcome News was known,
Who crowded in apace to see my Son,
Hailing, with kind Salutes, the recent Child ;
And, with their pious Hymns, my Pain beguil'd.
When all had said, I mov'd my joyful Tongue ;
And thus to Heav'n addres'd my grateful Song :

“ O God, what Eloquence can sing thy Praife ?
“ Or who can fathom thy stupendous Ways ?
“ All Things obey at thy divine Command ;
“ Thou mak'st a fruitful Field of barren Land :
“ Obdurate Rocks a fertile Glebe shall be,
“ And bring forth copious Crops, if bid by Thee ;
“ Arabian Deserts shall with Plenty Smile,
“ And curling Vines adorn the sterile Soil.”

As thus she spake, her Audience raise their Voice ;
And interrupt her Song, as they rejoice :
“ O God, we gladly hear thy mighty Pow'r,
“ With joyful Heart thy gracious Name adore :
“ All Nature is subservient to thy Word ;
“ And shifts her wonted Course, to please her Lord.
“ We, for thy Servant's Joy, our Thanks express ;
“ As grows the Child, so may her Bliss increase :

“ And

“ And may the Guardian Angels, who preside
 “ Over the Blefs'd, his future Actions guide ;
 “ Make spotless Virtue crown his vital Date ;
 “ And hoary Honour end his Life but late ;
 “ Then safely bear” — The Dame here wav'd her Hand ;
 The People straight obey her mute Command :
 All silent stand, and all attentive look,
 Waiting her Words, while thus she mournful spoke.

All Pleasures are imperfect here below ;
 Our sweetest Joys are mix'd with bitter Woe :
 The Draught of Bliss, when in our Goblet cast,
 Is dash'd with Grief ; or spilt, before we taste.
 'Ere twicē four Years were measur'd by my Son ,
 (So soon, alas ! the greatest Blessing's gone)
 In Harvest time he to the Reapers goes,
 To view the bearded Sheaves, erect in Rows,
 Like an embattled Army in the Field ;
 A new delightful Prospect to the Child !
 But either there the scorching Sun display'd
 His Heat intense, and on his Vitals prey'd ;
 Or else some sudden apoplectic Pain,
 With racking Torture, seiz'd his tender Brain ;
 His Spirits fail'd, he straight began to faint,
 And to his Father vainly made Complaint :
 The glowing Rose was quickly seen to fade ;
 At once his Beauty, and his Life, decay'd.

Soon,

Soon, at my House, the dismal News I heard ;
 Soon, at my House, the dying Child appear'd :
 T' embrace him I, with fond Affection, run ;
 And, O ! said I, what Pain afflicts my Son ?
 He try'd to speak ; but, fault'ring, gave a Groan ;
 No perfect Word proceeded from his Tongue ;
 But on his Lips the broken Accents hung.
 All Means I us'd, that might allay his Pain ;
 All Means I us'd, but us'd them all in vain.
 Yet, while he liv'd, my Soul would not despair ;
 Nor, till he ceas'd to breathe, I ceas'd my Pray'r :
 Deluding Hope now stopt the falling Tears ;
 Now his increasing Pains increas'd my Fears :
 By Hope and Fear alternate was I tost,
 Till Hope, in a sad Certainty, was lost :
 Short, and more short, he drew his panting Breath.
 (Too sure Presage of his approaching Death !)
 Till soon the Blood, congealing ceas'd to flow ;
 He dropt his Head with a declining Bow :
 Thrice, from my Breast, to raiſe himself he try'd,
 And thrice funk down again ; then, groaning, dy'd.

Thus, when with Care we've nurs'd a tender Vine,
 And taught the docile Branches where to twine ;
 An Eastern Gale, or ſome pernicious Frost,
 Nips the young Tree, and all our Labour's lost.

With

With Horror chill'd, a while I speechless stood,
 Viewing the Child, and trembling as I view'd :
 My Eyes discharg'd their humid Store apace,
 And Tears succeeded Tears adown my Face :
 Scarcely my Heart the Load of Grief sustain'd ;
 At length, recov'ring Speech, I thus complain'd :

O fleeting Joys ! inconstant as the Wind !
 Which only for a Moment please the Mind ;
 Then fly, and leave a Weight of Woes behind !
 But yet in vain I thus lament and mourn ;
 The Soul, once fled, shall never more return ;
 And the fair Body now must be convey'd
 To Earth's dark Bosom, and eternal Shade —
 Yet let me not prescribe a Bound to Heav'n ;
 'Twas by a Miracle the Child was giv'n ;
 Nor can I think the Wonder is more great,
 Should the departed Soul resume her Seat.
 What if I to Mount Carmel haste away,
 To him who did his mystic Birth display ?
 His pow'rful Word the Barren fruitful made ;
 His pow'rful Word, perhaps, may raise the Dead.
 The famous *Tisbite* rais'd a Widow's Son ;
Elija has as wond'rous Actions done.
 When he to *Jordan*'s rapid Torrent came ;
 And, with the Mantle, smote th' impetuous Stream ;
 Obsequious to the Stroke, the Waves divide ;
 And raise a liquid Wall on either Side !

At *Jericho* long had the barren Soil
 Deceiv'd the Husbandman, and mock'd his Toil ;
 Yet, at his Word, it grew a fertile Field,
 And pois'nous Springs did wholome Waters yield.
 Nor can he only such great Blessings send ;
 But Curses, if invok'd, his Call attend :
 Else how at *Bethel* brought he Vengeance down,
 As a just Scourge, on that opprobrious Town ?
 Again, when *Moab* Peace with *Israel* broke,
 And vainly strove to quit the servile Yoke ;
 Our pow'rful Kings led forth the embattled Host
 Thro' *Edom's* sultry Wilds, and Air adust ;
 Where the confed'rate Troops no Water found,
 Dry were the Springs, and sterile was the Ground ;
 The Captains wonted Strength and Courage fail'd,
 When Thirst and Foes at once their Host assai'd :
 The Kings to him their joint Petitions made,
 And fainting Soldiers crav'd his timely Aid ;
 Nor crav'd in vain : The pow'rful Word he spake,
 And flowing Waters form'd a spacious Lake ;
 The shining Streams advanc'd their humid Train,
 Till *Edom's* Wilds became a liquid Plain :
 Not in more Plenty did the Waters run
 Out of the Rock, when struck by *Amram's* Son.
 And who can that amazing Deed forget,
 Which he perform'd to pay the Widow's Debt ?

Whose Quantity of Oil one Pot contain'd ;
 Yet num'rous Vessels fill'd before 'twas drain'd.
 Sure he, who such stupendous Acts has done,
 If GOD propitious prove, can raise my Son.

So saying, up I caught the Child with speed ;
 And laid him on the sacred Prophet's Bed ;
 Then call'd my Servant to prepare the Steed.
 Penfive and sad, my mourning Husband said,
 'Tis now in vain to crave *Eli'ha's* Aid ;
 No God to-day the Prophet does inspire ;
 Nor can he answer what thou wouldst enquire.

Rather than fink, said I, attempt to raise
 My Hopes, nor talk of Ceremonial Days ;
 His God is present still, and hears him when he prays.
 Thus said, urging my Steed with eager Haste,
 Swift as a Mountain Roe, the Plains I pass'd ;
 O'er Hills and Dales my Journey I pursu'd ;
 Nor slack'd my Pace 'till *Carmel's* Mount I view'd ;
 On whose delightful Brow, in cool Retreat,
 Among the curling Vines the Prophet sat ;
 Whose twining Arms a verdant Arbour made,
 The verdant Arbour form'd a grateful Shade ;
 The fanning Zephyrs gently play'd around,
 And shook the trembling Leaves, and swept the Ground ;
 Down humbly at his Feet I prostrate fell,
 Submiss ; and, weeping, told the mournful Tale.

Strive to compose thy anxious Soul, said he ;
 Tears can't revoke JEHOVAH's fix'd Decree :
 We live and die, and both, as He thinks fit,
 Who may command, but Mortals must submit.
 This Fate the King, as well as Peasant, finds ;
 Nor is it evil, but to evil Minds —
 Yet if from Heav'n I can my Suit obtain,
 Thy lifeless Son shall yet revive again.

Thus said, with Looks divine, his Staff he views,
 As if some pow'rful Charm he would infuse :
 Then calls his Servant hastily, and said,
 On the Child's Face let this be quickly laid.

O Thou, said I, on whom my Hopes depend,
 Do not this Work to Servants Care commend :
 If Thou thyself with me refuse to go,
 Here, to the list'ning Vines, I'll vent my Woe ;
 Still prostrate lie, lamenting for my Son,
 'Till ev'ry Hill prove vocal to my Moan.
 More had I said, but Grief the Words supprest ;
 Yet Sighs and silent Tears explain'd the rest.
 At length he from his verdant Seat arose,
 And hastily adown the Mountain goes :
 To Shunem we, with Speed, our Way pursue ;
 The City soon appears within our View ;
 And the obedient Servant, at the Gate,
 Returning sad, without Success we met :
 The beauteous Child by Death still vanquish'd lay ;
 Still Death insulted o'er the beauteous Prey ;

"Till to the House the sacred Seer was come,
And, with supernal Pow'r approach'd the Room.

By the dead Child a while he pensive stood ;
Then from the Chamber put the mourning Crowd :
That done, to GOD he made his ardent Pray'r,
And breath'd upon the Child with vital Air :
And now the Soul resumes her pristine Seat ;
And now the Heart again begins to beat ;
Life's purple Current o'er the Body spreads,
While Death, repuls'd, ingloriously recedes.

Thus, when a prowling Wolf has stol'n a Lamb,
He sternly guards it from the bleating Dam ;
But if the Keeper comes, he quits his Prey,
And low'ring, with Reluctance, makes away.

And now the Prophet to my longing Arms,
Refign'd the Child, with more than wonted Charms ;
The blushing Rose shone fresher in his Face,
And Beauty imil'd with a superior Grace.
So, when Heav'n's Lamp, that rules the genial Day,
Behind the fable Moon pursues his Way ;
Affrighted Mortals, when th' Eclipse is o'er,
Believe him more illustrious than before.

Here ends the Dame ; and the promiscuous Throng,
With Hallelujahs thus conclude the Song :
" Holy and good art Thou, Lord God of Host,
" And all thy Works are wonderful and just :

" Both Life and Death are in thy pow'rful Hand ;
 " Both Life and Death obey thy great Command ;
 " By thy great Pow'r the Heav'ns and Earth are aw'd ;
 " Then let the Heav'ns and Earth adore their GOD.
 " Thou glorious Sun, that measur'st all our Days,
 " Rising and setting, still advance his Praise :
 " Thou Moon, and ye less glitt'ring Orbs, that dance
 " Round this terrestrial Globe, his Praise advance :
 " Ye Seas, forever waving to and fro,
 " Praise, when ye ebb ; and praise him, when ye flow :
 " Ye wand'ring Rivers, and each purling Stream,
 " As ye pursue your Course, his Praise proclaim :
 " Ye Dews, and Mists, and humid Vapours, all,
 " Praise, when ye rise ; and praise him, when ye fall :
 " But chi. fly *Israel*, who dost daily view
 " His pow'rful Works, his daily Praise renew."

F I N I S.

